



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

WELL, now, this is delightful! Here comes May, the most promising month of all the twelve, smiling through the waking branches, and stirring the very floor of my meadow; and here are you, my sunny rioters, eager to go a-Maying in any pleasant way that presents itself. Skipping, laughing, blossom-hunting, wreath-making, feeling glad and grateful, through and through — this it is to go a-Maying! Ah, if not only young folk but old folk, busy folk and sorry folk, all could go a-Maying, what a blessed thing it would be! Let us unite, therefore, in singing this bright spring carol, which my birds have just brought in from your friend Emma C. Dowd:

Oh, that will be a merry time,
When all the world goes Maying!
From every tower, in every clime,
The bells will ring, the bells will chime,
When all the world goes Maying!

Then sorrowing folk will all grow gay,
And care will go a-straying;
And busy folks will stop to play,
And love will cease for one sweet day,
When all the world goes Maying!

Weakness will walk in strength's own guise,
And time will make delaying,
And love will shine from out all eyes,
And wisdom will have grown more wise,
When all the world goes Maying!

Then prison doors will widely swing,
Pain will go roundelaying,
Banners will wave, and anthems ring,
And every voice will laugh and sing,
When all the world goes Maying!

HOW MONEY WAS FIRST MADE.

A SHREWD boy named Joseph lately startled the fellows in the Red School-house by announcing that before school-time the next morning he would confidentially tell any boy who brought him a good apple the surest and easiest way to make a dollar.

Well, before nine the next morning, that lad, as you may well believe, was well supplied with apples — and six boys' heads were not quite as empty as they had been before. For Joseph had whispered to each in turn that to make a dollar, a fellow had only to take one a, two l's and a d, an r and an o, and, by putting them together properly, he would have made a dollar in less than no time.

I suppose, in the same spirit, Joseph would be quite charmed to learn from Laura G. L——'s instructive little letter, which you shall now see, how money was first made:

NEW YORK.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: You asked us if we could add some words to the dear Little Schoolma'am's list of interesting derivations of popular words, so I have found a few for you.

Money is from the temple of Juno Moneta, in which money was first coined by the ancients.

Pecuniary is from pecus, a flock; flocks and herds of animals being originally equivalent to money or things constituting wealth.

Cash, in commerce, signifies ready money, or actual coin paid on the instant, and it comes from the French word *caisse*, a coffer or chest in which money is kept.

Groat was a name given to a silver piece equal to four pennies in value, coined by Edward III. The word (groat) is a corruption of *grosses*, or great pieces, in contradistinction to the small coins or pennies.

Shilling and penny are both Saxon words: the penny was first coined in silver, and is originally derived from the word *pand*, to pawn, with the diminutive suffix "ing"; the next shape the word took was *pennig*; and then followed our penny.

Of course our word cent is from *centum*, a hundred, for the cent is a hundredth part of a dollar.

Dollar has a curious derivation. The first step back makes it *thaler*, then *thal*, a valley; but *thal* originally meant a deal or division; so the gold or silver was dealt or divided into pieces worth a *thaler*, the German form, or *dollar*, the American.

But I must close this very monetary letter.

Your admiring reader, LAURA G. L——.

A PRETTY EXPERIMENT.

HOW TO SEE THE WIND.

CLINTON A. MONTGOMERY sends you, all the way from Michigan, directions for making a very pretty and interesting experiment.

First of all, he says, you must choose a windy day for the trial; whether it is clear or cloudy, cold or hot, makes no difference; but it must not be rainy or murky weather.

Now, take a polished metal surface of two feet or more in length, with a straight edge (a large hand-saw, Mr. Montgomery says, will answer the purpose). Hold this metallic surface at right-angles to the direction of the wind. For instance, if the wind comes from the west, then hold the metallic surface north and south. But, instead of

holding it perpendicular, you must incline it about 42 degrees to the horizon, so that the wind, in striking it, will glance upward and flow over the edge of the metal, as water flows over a dam. Now sight carefully along the edge of the metal at a sharply defined object, and you will see the wind pouring over the edge in graceful curves. Of course, you understand that wind is nothing more nor less than air in motion. You will hardly ever fail in the experiment if you make your observations carefully.

A LIVELY WAY OF SETTING.

"DEAR JACK," writes Angus E. Orr of Georgia, "Mr. Holder wrote in the ST. NICHOLAS many months ago about 'How Some Birds Are Cared For,' and now I should like to tell you how some eggs are cared for. Away off in the Antarctic Ocean there is a bird called a penguin, which cannot fly, but which swims like a duck. It swims better than a duck, in fact, and dives well, too. Now, the penguins are fishers by trade, and they have to work like beavers, so to speak,—harder than beavers, indeed, to make a decent living. So hard do they have to work that they have no time to set on their eggs as a hen does. And they can't run off like the ostrich and leave the sun to be mother to their eggs, because the sun only looks sideways on the penguin's part of the map, and it is likely to snow there any time, even in August. So, how in the world *do* they hatch? Well, the mother penguin has a pocket in her skin like the one in which a possum carries her babies. And when she lays an egg, she simply puts it in her pocket and quits laying till that one hatches. Yes, she puts it in her pocket and goes fishing. She never intrusts the egg to any one but herself, and then she knows just when the little bird will break its shell and open its mouth for a meal. Now, that is what I call a lively way of 'setting.'"

So far, so good. And now that you have given your polite attention to scientific matters, here is a legend which Jessie E. Ringwalt has written out for you. She says it was told to a missionary by a native of the island where the legend grew:

THE WOMAN IN THE MOON.

THAT there is a man in the moon has been told in the tales and songs of many countries, but it is known only to the wild islanders of the Pacific Ocean that he is so fortunate as to have a wife. The savages of Mangaia call him Marama, a name that seems very appropriate to the soft and gentle moonlight. According to their legend, he, many years ago, used to gaze down upon a certain fair and industrious young girl who lived upon that island, and finally he begged her to be his wife. The maiden was as prudent as she was pretty, and at first objected that he lived at an inconvenient distance; but Marama speedily built a bright new moonbow from the island to his home, and over this shining

bridge the lovely Ina traveled safely to her new abode. She has lived there in great happiness ever since, and she still keeps her love of industry. The spots upon the moon, which are sometimes foolishly fancied to be the eyes, nose, and mouth of a broad, shining face, are, in fact, but the great heaps of cocoanuts which she diligently stores up for family food.

Like the women of her native island, Ina has great skill in the manufacture of cloth, and is anxious to make it very smooth and white. Enjoying such unusual advantages of space, she stretches her broad sheets out against the sky to bleach, and these are what the people of other nations call white clouds. To render the fabric perfectly smooth, she beats it with stones, just as she did on earth, and she is so zealous in her work that these stones often crash together and make the sound which by us is called thunder. To learn that these stories are true, it is only necessary to watch the sky on a warm evening, as the twilight is settling down, and see the quick flashes of light that quiver through the air as the busy Woman in the Moon hastily gathers up her sheets of cloth, and shakes them vigorously before folding them away.

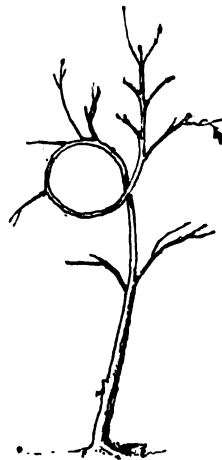
A QUEER TREE-TWIST.

RIVERSIDE, CAL.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: In the February ST. NICHOLAS I read what you said about the shrub which tied a knot in itself, so I thought I would write and tell you about a twist in a eucalyptus tree in front of our house. Here is a diagram of it. The trunk grows straight for a little way, then bends over parallel with the ground, makes a circle of itself, and then turns and shoots upwards.

The twist is 25 feet above ground, and how it got there I don't know. It has been there as long as I have lived here, which is four years. It has attracted much attention from tourists and others; and one day I even saw a heathen Chinnee stop and look and laugh at it. We call it "the saddle tree," because my young brothers climb to the twist and play horse there.

Your constant admirer,
WM. P. G.—



COULD the tree, when a pliant sapling, have been twisted and perhaps tied so as to grow in the way W. P. G. describes? The deacon says he has heard somewhere that as the twig is bent the tree's inclined. Some one may have bent this eucalyptus.

THE LETTER-BOX.

ST. NICHOLAS readers will be glad to know that Helen Keller, the blind little girl of whom they read in the number for September, 1889, has written a story which will appear in the magazine before long. Meanwhile, we print with pleasure this letter which she has sent to the Letter-box:

SOUTH BOSTON, March, 1890.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am very happy because you are going to print my little story. I hope the little boys and girls who read ST. NICHOLAS will like it. I wonder if any of them have read a sad, sweet story called "Little Jakey." I am very sure they would like it, for Jakey is the dearest little fellow you can imagine. His life was not so full of brightness as "Little Lord Fauntleroy's," because he was poor and blind; but I love them both, and call them my dear little friends. This is the way Jakey tells of his blindness:

"Ven Gott make my eyes, my moder say he not put ze light in zem."

I used to think when I was a very small child, before I had learned to read, that everybody was always happy; and at first I was grieved to know about pain and great sorrows, but now I understand that if it were not for these things people would never learn to be brave and patient and loving. One bright Sunday, a little while ago, I went to see a very kind and gentle poet. I will tell you the name of one of his beautiful poems, and you will then be able to guess his name. "The Opening of the Piano" is the poem. I knew it and several others by heart, and I had learned to love the sweet poet long before I ever thought I should put my arms around his neck and tell him how much pleasure he had given me and all of the little blind children, for we have his poems in raised letters. The poet was sitting in his library by a cheerful fire, with his much-loved books all about him. I sat in his great easy-chair, and examined the pretty things, and asked Dr. Holmes questions about people in his poems. Teacher told me about the beautiful river that flows beneath the library window. I think our gentle poet is very happy when he writes in this room, with so many wise friends near him.

Please give my love to all of your little readers.

From your loving friend, HELEN A. KELLER.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell you about a dog. There is a provision store across the street, where they keep two large bulldogs. Not long ago, one rainy morning, when the gates of the back yard were opened to take out the business wagon, one of the dogs rushed out into the back alley, and brought in a miserable little puppy. He was about as large as you could grasp in your hand, all drenched with rain, and shivering with cold, and the bulldog took the puppy into his own kennel with him.

When one of the girls of the family heard of it, and went out to see them, the bulldog jumped around in a very excited manner, and would hardly let her come near the little stranger. But, at last, he took her into

his confidence, and let her take the puppy into the house to be warmed and dried by the fire; but the big dog followed them in and insisted on doing his share to make the little fellow comfortable, lying down by the fire, and taking him between his big paws.

I think it was very strange—don't you?—that a savage bulldog should take any interest in a miserable little stranger like that.

I suppose he heard him crying through the night, and felt sorry for him. I think the ST. NICHOLAS is splendid, and that "Crowded out o' Crofield" is just "a daisy." Your little reader, GEORGE M. R.—.

ALGIERS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I do not know whether you ever had a letter before from Algiers or not. If you never had a letter before from Algiers, this will be the first one; if you have had one letter before from Algiers this will be the second one; if you have had two letters before from Algiers, this will be the third one.

Algiers is where the Soldier of the Legion lay a-dying in. It contains French persons, Arabs, donkeys, and English residents. The English residents come here on account of the climate, which is very bad in winter. They like a bad climate.

I have no pony, or dog, or donkey; but in Spain I had fleas, and now I have a cold. I was in an Arab shop a few days ago, where there was an Arabian cat. The Arabian cat sat on a cane-seat chair, and when I scratched my fingers under the chair the Arabian cat would play with them. There are many other strange animals in this country.

Everybody reads ST. NICHOLAS in our family, even the children. We like you very much. My favorite piece is a poem called "A Valentine," published several years ago. I think that was perfectly splendid. I wish you would have a serial poem, by the same author, to run for two or three years.

I was thirty-four years old last October. That is all I can think of about Algiers.

WILLIE W. E.—.

GOSPORT, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We read the account of the "Great Storm at Samoa," in your February number, and we want to tell you how deeply interested in it we were.

We saw H. M. S. "Calliope" launched five and a half years ago in Portsmouth harbor; and, besides having two brothers in the Royal Navy, we are, of course, interested in anything concerning "ships at sea."

I can well remember the thrill of horror with which I listened to the first accounts of the dreadful hurricane at Samoa, and the thankfulness which filled our hearts to learn that our own ship, the Calliope, had escaped.

It does one good to read of all the heroism displayed, both by the Americans and Samoans, though it is so unspeakably sad to think of the numbers of lives that were lost. I can not bear to think of the relatives of all those brave men. Words fail one in speaking of their terrible sorrow.

Yours very truly,

K. R. O.—.

NEW YORK.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell you about a pet dove I have. His name is "Ramond," but I call him "Ramie" for short. To-day he made me cry of laughing—he was so funny. I set him on my bureau before the looking-glass. At first he did nothing, but he soon found the dove in the glass. His feathers stood straight up in the air, and he dashed at the glass, which gave his head a sounding bump. He immediately jumped back a few yards, eying his opponent for a few minutes, and then walked away, utterly disgusted. As he walked, of course the one in the glass walked, too. He looked around again; the dove in the glass was by his side. His feathers went up again, and he made another spring at the glass, but not so hard as the first one. When he got by the glass he began to coo, then to neigh like a horse, and jump up and down, and going around in a circle, the dove in the glass doing the same thing all the time. At last, he got so exasperated that I took him away, all the time jumping about in my hand as if crazy.

I have taken you for three years, and hope to take you for fifty more.

I remain your loving reader, CHAS. N——.

FORT DOUGLAS, UTAH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little army girl, and love it more than I can tell.

In your January number, a little friend of yours said it was so very funny to ride in an ambulance with four mules. I ride in one every morning to school, and it keeps us very warm and comfortable.

My father goes out on the range (target-grounds) every summer, and when we lived in the South he was gone over a month from us, because the range was over three hundred miles off.

If you had room to print it, I would tell you the wonders of Great Salt Lake.

I hope to see this letter in print, as I never have seen one from Utah before.

Your loving reader, MARGUERITE R——.

ANTWERP.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: It has always been my ambition to write you a letter, but I have never thought that I had anything interesting enough to tell about. Just now I am in Antwerp, Belgium, on my way to school in Germany. There are some things here that might interest some of the readers who have not happened to hear about them. Antwerp, as every one knows, is a very ancient town. It has a beautiful Gothic cathedral, with a chime of about one hundred bells, which ring out sweetly every half hour of day and night.

This place is, perhaps, best known for being the birth-place of Rubens, the great painter. On my first visit to the "Museum of Ancient Paintings," I saw the Belgian artist who was born without arms. You will wonder how he can paint if he has no arms; it is because he has managed to teach his toes to act as fingers, and with them does wonderful work. When he visits a shop and wishes to pay for anything, he nimbly draws the money from his shoe, and puts it on the counter with his toes. The Belgian trades-people are very funny. There is always great fighting over prices with them. One market-day I saw a woman, after much squabbling, put down a reasonable price, seize her article, and run off, followed by the scolding market-woman, who soon got discouraged and gave up the chase.

ST. NICHOLAS seems like a dear old friend, as it follows me across the ocean. I have taken you since I was

three years old, and am now eleven. I am happy to see "Jack" in his old place again, and hope he will never leave it. My Mamma and I enjoy the picture puzzles in the "Riddle-box," and, together, we have guessed them all. A loving reader of your magazine,

HARRIETT B. S——.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The reproduction in your February number of the drawings of Master Clement Scott



tempts me to fulfill a desire I have had for several months, to send you the inclosed "efforts" of my little daughter of six years.

The most spirited, "Marching to Georgia," was sug-



gested by the favorite song, freely indulged in by members of the family. The ship, full-flagged, rather than full-rigged, and coming in to port, was an effort wholly of the imagination. The fact of the sun, moon, and stars shining simultaneously may suggest an inconsistency in the minds of even your youngest readers, as well as the presence of petticoats on the deck of a "man-of-war." Very truly,

AN ADMIRER OF YOUR MAGAZINE.

MEDFORD, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In the January number, I read an acknowledgment from a "Young Mother," who expresses her delight in still reading ST. NICHOLAS. I wish to do likewise, and will add that my people "at home" still read you with much interest, as they have since '76—"Grandpa and Grandma" still perusing your delightful pages.

I have two boys, the older being a little over two years of age, and he now teases to look at ST. NICHOLAS, call-

ing one of last year's numbers "the doggee book," from the illustrations of dogs which it contained.

Wishing you all success, and hoping that 1900 will find you with undiminished prosperity, I remain, as ever, your devoted friend and reader,
MRS. H. C. S—.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I don't believe I ever have seen a letter from Louisville on your pages, and have often wondered why some Kentucky girl or boy did not write a letter to represent our own State. I, however, will take advantage of their failure to do so, and write and tell you something that will not only surprise many other Southerners, but will, doubtless, disappoint them as much as it disappointed me. I read it the other day, and this is what it was:

"The real truth is, that 'Dixie' is an indigenous Northern negro refrain, as common to the writer as the lamp-posts in New York City seventy or seventy-five years ago. And no one ever heard of Dixie's Land being other than Manhattan Island, until recently [this was printed in 1865], when it has been supposed to refer to the South, from its connection with pathetic negro allegory. When slavery existed in New York, one Dixy owned a large tract of land on Manhattan Island and a large number of slaves. The increase of the slaves, and the increase of the abolition sentiment, caused an emigration of the slaves to more thorough and secure slave sections; and the negroes who were thus sent off naturally looked back to their old homes, where they had lived in clover, with feelings of regret, as they could not imagine any place like Dixy's. Hence, it became synonymous with an ideal locality, combining ease, comfort, and happiness of every description. In those days negro singing was in its infancy, and any subject that could be wrought into a ballad was eagerly picked up. This was the case with 'Dixie.' It originated in New York, and in its travels it has been enlarged and has 'gathered more moss.' It has picked up a 'note' here and there. A 'chorus' has been added to it; and, from an indistinct 'chant' of two or three notes, it has become an elaborate melody. But the fact that it is not a Southern song can not be rubbed out. The fallacy is so popular to the contrary, that I have thus been at pains to state the real origin of it."

I almost hope it did give him some pains to write about it; but even if it is true, we Southerners won't relax our claims on "Dixie" any more than Americans will give up "My Country, 't is of Thee." My letter is much longer than I intended to write, and I should love to see it printed. Remember, it is from a devoted reader, who prides herself on being

A SOUTHERN, KENTUCKY GIRL.

REDLANDS, SAN BERNARDINO CO., CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In the last June ST. NICHOLAS I saw a letter from Fannie H. B—, Phoenix, Arizona. Phoenix is my home. I have lived there six years. I am in Redlands, Cal., now, with my grandmother and grandfather. About a year ago I saw a letter from a little girl from some fort in Arizona.

I have a brother who was born on the 8th of February, 1877, and I was born on the 8th of February, 1876. So I am just one year older than he is. I am very fond of hunting and fishing. So is my brother. My brother got a shotgun for a present last year, so he gave me his rifle.

My grandfather has a large orange-grove here. And he has two greyhounds to keep the rabbits off. Their names are "Lion" and "Tiger." I was very much

interested in that story you published in November, "Coursing with Greyhounds in Southern California." I remain, your admiring reader, ALMA C. H. M—.

CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl seven years old. My papa is an army officer, so I have traveled a great deal, but I have managed to get the ST. NICHOLAS, which has pleased me very much. "Juan and Juanita" was the first story I ever understood, and I liked it very much, because the last name is my mamma's, and I have given it to Dolly who came on Christmas. I will tell you all about her another time, if you will let me. Last week I went to see "Little Lord Fauntleroy" played, and as my mamma had read it to me I understood it.

Your interested reader, ZOE A. D—.

HERE are two interesting letters received several months ago at the publication office of ST. NICHOLAS.

UNION CLUB, BOSTON, Jan. 16, 1890.

THE CENTURY CO.:

DEAR SIR: The inclosed note speaks for itself. I threw off the train, last August, a copy of ST. NICHOLAS, and asked the finder, if a child, to send to you and order the magazine for one year. To-day this reply is received, and I write to ask you to send ST. NICHOLAS for one year to MARY BEATRICE BRIEN, CLOUGH JUNCTION STATION, MONTANA.

Kindly send bill to me and I will remit.

Yours truly, EDWARDS ROBERTS.

CLOUGH JUNCTION STATION, MONTANA,
12—19, 1889.

EDWARDS ROBERTS, Esq.:

DEAR SIR: Whilst looking over the ST. NICHOLAS which you so kindly threw off the train a few miles west of Helena, a few months ago, I discovered on the fly-leaf a note desiring that the little one who found that magazine might benefit by it for a year, and send the bill to you. As it is near Christmas, I will be very happy to accept it as a Christmas gift.

Wishing you a merry Christmas and a happy New Year, Very truly yours, MARY BEATRICE BRIEN,
Nine years old.

WE thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters which we have received from them: Hal-lie H., Ethel D., Marjorie B., Merritt C. B., D. E. J., L. S. C., Mayne J. F., Edith M. B., Lucile E. T., Edna K. G., Bessie H., Catherine D. C., Ethel, Eric McC., May H., Ella C. D., Elsa C., Lulu C., Mamie L. T., G. M., Harold M., Edith K., Ada W. B., Charles G., Lindsay M., E. N., D. N., M. M., Elizabeth A., Marian L., Alice and Ellen, Harry G. W., T. F., Jo. C. S., Adèle H., "Daisy and Buttercup," Bertha N., Percy M., Genevra and Margaret, Julie McC., Heloise, Fanchon DeP., "Fiddle," Maud H., C. M. B., Lizzie R. J., Mollie G. K., Florence G. G., Sam K. M., Frederick H., Beulah G., A. L. I., Otto G. H., Grace A. L., M. W. V., "Jex," Helen R. M., Carrie and Fred N., Helen L. S., Frank P. G., "Stars and Stripes," Kate S., Mabel E. F., Robert S. H., Charles C. R., Marion C. B., R. H. W., E. S., Allyn F. W., Rita P., Miriam C., Sara C. B., Belle L. R., Eugenia, A., Elsa C. M. and E. Allen, Frank H. T., Ethel V. C., Lizzie W. F., Ruth O., N. H., C. W. M., Louis H. H., L. D., "H. H. G. R. R.," Lalite L., "Dancie," Genevieve and Dorothy, Sallie S. and Mary R., Josephine G., Nannie B. J., A. E. J., Kathleen H.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER.

A FRENCH ZIGZAG. Poisson d'Avril. 1. Païen. 2. Court. 3. Moine. 4. Lisse. 5. Frais. 6. Sabot. 7. Génér. 8. Adieu. 9. Asile. 10. Eveil. 11. Perte. 12. Lacs. 13. Senil.
WORD DWINDLE. 1. Fragments. 2. Garments. 3. Magnets. 4. Gasmen. 5. Games. 6. Game. 7. Gen. 8. Em. 9. M.
TWO ESCUTCHEONS. 1. Centrals, Shakespeare. Cross-words: 1. Transepts. 2. Perchance. 3. Chaos. 4. Hakot. 5. Creel. 6. Testy. 7. Repel. 8. Steve. 9. Snack. 10. Orb. 11. E. 12. Centrals, Saint George. Cross-words: 1. Intestate. 2. Disparity. 3. Trice. 4. Tenet. 5. Vital. 6. Vigil. 7. Press. 8. Dross. 9. Horal. 10. Aga. 11. E.
MUSICAL ACROSTIC. Normann Neruda. Cross-words: 1. Rondo. 2. Spohr. 3. Largo. 4. Gamut. 5. Chant. 6. Canto. 7. Minim. 8. Tonic. 9. Theme. 10. Verdi. 11. Gluck. 12. Pedal. 13. Shake.

PI. Through hedge-row leaves, in drifted heaps
Left by the stormy blast,
The little hopeful blossom peeps,
And tells of Winter past:
A few leaves flutter from the woods,
That hung the season through,
Leaving their place for swelling buds
To spread their leaves anew.

ABSENT VOWELS. Easter. 1. The more haste, the less speed. 2. Be it ever so humble there's no place like home. 3. The greatest strokes make not the sweetest music. 4. Who touches pitch will be defiled. 5. Half a loaf is better than no bread. 6. You may lead a horse to water, but you can not make him drink.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER were received, before February 15th, from "M., Aunt M., and S."—Maud E. Palmer—Zach Brogan, Jr.—Emma Sydney—Pearl F. Stevens—Maxie and Jackspar—Bessie Lasher—William H. Beers—A. L. W. L.—"Solomon Quill"—A. Fiske and Co.—Russell—Charlie Dignan—Jo and I.—E. M. G.—F. and N. S.—J. B. Swain—A Family Affair—Jamie and Mamma—F. Gerhard—"The Wise Five, minus One"—Helen C. McCleary—"S. S. S."—"Miss Flint"—Ernest Woollard—Maud Taylor—A. and O. Warburg.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER were received, before February 15th, from Paul Reese, 8—Carrie Thacher, 3—June Jacquith, 2—King Richard, 1—Anna K. Himes, 3—I. and W. Swan, 1—Charles Beaufort, 6—"Three Owls," 3—Alice D., 1—Lucia and Rowena R., 1—E. and G. Shirley, 1—"Mrs. Malaprop," 1—C. U. B., 1—Katie Van Zandt, 4—M. Cassels, 1—Clara and Emma, 6—M. E. Woodhull, 6—"John and Jennie," 7—N. M. Eldridge, 1—H. H. Herrick, 1—E. M. Cassels, 1—"Nodge," 8—L. S. Haehnlen, 1—Carrie Rosenbaum, 3—M. S., 1—Mortimer Wilber, 1—Walter G. Himes, 1—M. R. Berolzheimer, 1—Gertrude and Lester, 1—J. B. B., Jr., 2—M. Selina Lesser, 2—Josephine Sherwood, 8—Lindsey Morris, 5—M. L. Crowell, 1—E. W. Ayres, 1—Anon, 1—R. H. C., B. C., and M. B. C., 2—Maude Wilson, 3—Capt. White, 3—"May and 79," 7—"Dictionary," 4—L. Anthony, 1—E. Adams, 1—"Misses McClees," 1—Catharine C. C., 1—Olivia L. and Sadie N., 1—A. W. B., 5—Honora Swartz, 2—W. E. Eckert, 1—Louie and Elsie, 2—J. Augur, 1—Hubert L. Bingay, 6—"Infantry," 8—Arthur B. Lawrence, 3—"Instantaneous and Grandpa," 4—"Flordelene," 2—Carita, 2—Bessie Fads, 1—B. A. Stead, 1—W. Everett Verplanck, 1—"Dr. Sarah," 7—Ernest Serrell, 7—Charles L. and Keta Sharp, 6—F. H. Shakespeare, 1—"Tivoli," 8—"The Owls," 7—"The Lancer," 4—Effe K. Talboys, 7—Nellie and Reggie, 8—F. D. Woolsey, 7—H. C. Skinner and B. H. Shannon, 1—Carolus, 4—C. M. Carr, 4—John W. Frothingham, Jr., 7—Grace Olcott, 8—Mamma and Arthur, 3—Anna E. Wells, 7—Maud Huebener, 8—"Hagerstown," 6—M. D. and C. M., 6—C. F. W., 2—Annie and Mary, 3—James and Charles Collins, 7—Ida C. Thallon, 8—Nellie L. Howes, 8—Lovers of St. N., 6—"Polly Flip," 5—No Name, Balto., 1—Mamma and Marion, 5—J. and D. White, 6—H. C. Skinner, 2—Grace, Gladys, Victorine and Isabel, 3—Kendrick Family, 2—A. P. C. and A. W. Ashhurst, 3—Adele Walton, 7—"Dame Durden," 6—J. B. and R. C. Hartich, 6—"E. and Gabriel," 1—Mattie E. Beale, 7—Evelyn Halden, 3—C., 1—E. N. Johnston, 2.

ANAGRAM.

I. TRANSPOSE the following letters and make a name beloved by all Americans.

ENJOIN THE RIGHT: FLEE WAR.

been rightly guessed and placed one below the other, in the order in which they are numbered, the initials will spell the name of a famous general who died on May 5th. The final letters will spell the name of an island always associated with him. C. B.

STEP PUZZLE.

1	12
2	13
3	14
4	15
5	16
6	17
7	18
8	19
9	20
10	21
11	22

FROM 1 to 12, a familiar abbreviation; from 2 to 13, before; from 3 to 14, a measure of weight which, in France and Holland, was equal to eight ounces; from 4 to 15, expenditure; from 5 to 16, a noisy talker; from 6 to 17, indisposition to move; from 7 to 18, to purloin; from 8 to 19, the name given to molluscous animals which form holes in solid rocks in which to lodge themselves; from 9 to 20, a musical term which means a gradual decrease in tone; from 10 to 21, aerial navigation; from 11 to 22, the quality of being youthful.

From 1 to 11, a certain holiday; from 12 to 22, articles in use on this day. F. S. F.



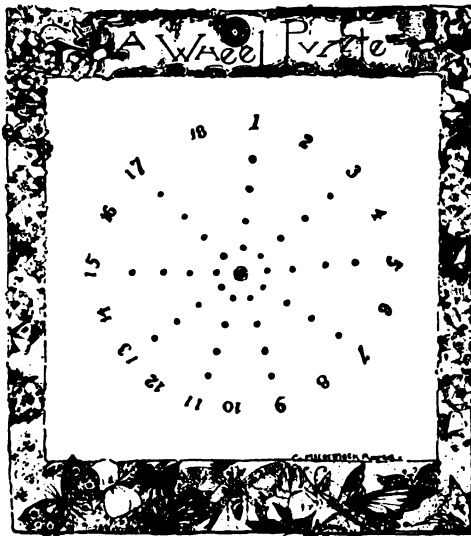
IN the accompanying illustration eight objects are shown. All of these may be described by words containing the same number of letters. When these have

DIAGONAL PUZZLE.

1. A QUESTION. 2. A small bag for money. 3. To pass along smoothly. 4. To upset. 5. A wallet.

Diagonals, from the upper left-hand letter to the lower right-hand letter, a hideous dwarf who figures in one of Dickens's works.

A. P. C. A.



FROM 1 to center (six letters), an ecstasy; from 3 to center, a series of arches; from 5 to center, leaving no balance; from 7 to center, often made with soapsuds; from 9 to center, to come down suddenly and violently; from 11 to center, indigenous; from 13 to center, to fix on a stake; from 15 to center, a scuffle; from 17 to center, a bird allied to the thrush.

Perimeter of wheel (from 1 to 18) spells a long word, meaning a change into another substance. H. A. G.

A TRIPLE ACROSTIC.

1	2	3
4	5	6
7	8	9
10	11	12
13	14	15
16	17	18
19	20	21
22	23	24
25	26	27
28	29	30
31	32	33
34	35	36
37	38	39

FROM 1 to 2, a priest of an ancient religion in Great Britain; from 2 to 3, pertaining to Holland; from 4 to 5, a feminine name; from 5 to 6, the American aloe; from 7 to 8, a monkey-like animal found in Madagascar; from 8 to 9, a city of France; from 10 to 11, the Christian name of a famous angler; from 11 to 12, a Scriptural name found in Genesis xxv: 13; from 13 to 14, a kind of nut which grows in India; from 14 to 15, a confection of sugar; from 16 to 17, a Territory of the United States;

from 17 to 18, a pernicious drug; from 19 to 20, the month of the Jewish calendar answering to April; from 20 to 21, snug little homes; from 22 to 23, to bestow; from 23 to 24, a city of Austria in which a famous council held its sittings in the sixteenth century; from 25 to 26, a wilderness mentioned in the nineteenth chapter of Exodus; from 26 to 27, a country of Southern Asia; from 28 to 29, a city of Northern Italy; from 29 to 30, the town of France in which Calvin was born; from 31 to 32, the tree which is the emblem of peace; from 32 to 33, a frame to support a picture; 34 to 35, the father of Galen; from 35 to 36, a relative; from 37 to 38, a French word meaning applause; from 38 to 39, fretful.

From 1 to 37, an explorer; from 3 to 39, his successor in investigating the place named by the figures from 2 to 38.

JAMES, DELLENA, AND MAMMA.

PI.

COEM, wiht eht sewpona ta rouy alcl,
Thiw metkus keip, ro finek;
Eh swedil het sledidate labed fo lal
How ghilttest shold shi file.
Eth mar hatt sevirid tis ohbuntug swolb
Tiwh lal a sitopart crons,
Gimth nabir a tarnty thiw a sore,
Ro bats mih twih a thron.

OMITTED CONSONANTS.

. A Y . O . E .
A . E . . E .
Y E . I . E
. I . O
O . . O
. E E
E .

1. MAY-DAY necessities. 2. Turned aside. 3. A mineral which was named in commemoration of the battle of Jena. 4. A musical term for the first or leading part. 5. A masculine name. 6. A sheltered place. 7. A masculine nickname. 8. A letter from Paris.

ROBIN HOOD.

RHYMED WORD-SQUARE.

ONE of the Holy Twelve my *first* is named;
A legal word that means "avail," my *second*;
Of things both long and round my *third* is framed;
A carriage good in man, my *fourth* is reckoned;
My last, and *fifth*, will make the square complete—
A word with thoughts of labor done replete.

"ROCHESTER."

WORD BUILDING.

BEGIN with a single letter, and, by adding one letter at a time, and perhaps transposing the letters, make a new word at each move.

EXAMPLE: A vowel; a verb; a texture of straw or other material; horses or oxen harnessed together; water in a gaseous state; a director. Answer, a, am, mat, team, steam, master.

I. 1. A vowel. 2. An article. 3. Hastened. 4. Adjacent. 5. Wrath. 6. Jeopardy. 7. A military contrivance for destroying life. 8. Retrieved. 9. Making more beloved. 10. Flowing round.

II. 1. A vowel. 2. A preposition. 3. A kind of liquor. 4. To resound. 5. The angular curve made by the intersection of two arches. 6. One of the earliest and most learned of the Greek fathers. 7. Alien. 8. Proffering.

CHARLES P. W.